

How Poor People Can Make Others Rich

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TEXT—God is able to make all grace abound toward you.—II Cor. 9:8.

Doubtless many poor people suffer positive pain when appeals for help are made and they feel compelled to refuse. Most people are fairly generous, and would like to help every good cause that presents itself if they could. Some, however, have so little money above their actual expenses that they have to say "No" often, or rather they think they must.

If, however, they would read their Bible more carefully, they would find that it is quite possible to help any good cause if they so desire. Paul was a poor man, and yet he had learned the secret of making many rich, even in his poverty. So can you learn the same secret if you will. Read over that verse again in II Cor. 9:8, which says, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work." Such was this grace that out of their deep poverty they raised a contribution so large as to be noted through all the region round about.

When, then, God calls upon us to exercise the grace of liberality, let us not excuse ourselves because we have not the means, but remembering his promise, ask him to supply the means, that we may "abound in this grace also." In some way, we may be sure, he will enable us to respond to every appeal which deeply touches our hearts, for why should he awaken these strong desires unless he has somewhere the means of gratifying them?

There are certain things, however, which even the poorest of us can do to help fill the Lord's treasury; and these require neither time nor money in large quantities, but thoughtful minds and loving hearts.

In the first place, we can make ourselves intelligent. Study the missionary movements of the day, the wants and woes of the heathen world, the Macedonian calls for help. By the time you have become intelligent you will also be enthusiastic, and you now have two rare qualifications for raising money. Evince your own interest, and you will be sure to interest others. Teach your children the duty of stewardship and the blessedness of systematic giving. Carry it into your Sunday School class and the Christian Endeavor Society. Remember that every child or youth trained in this way will help the Lord's treasury for a lifetime.

Do not make yourself obnoxious, but hold it up as a blessed privilege which no one can afford to lose. Secure some good leaflets setting forth the idea of stewardship, and distribute them wisely with prayer that God will add his blessing.

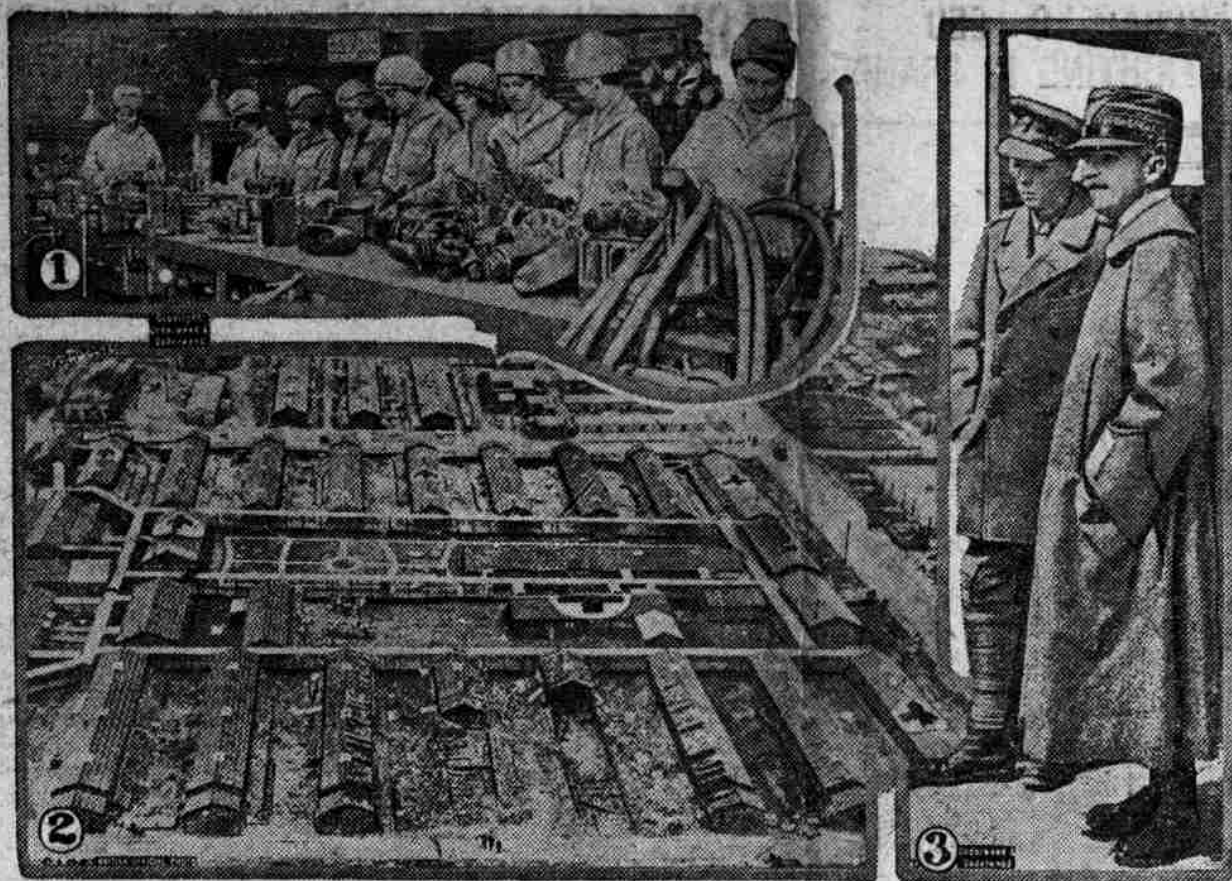
And we can pray. Here, after all, is the mightiest weapon in the church's armory—a weapon greatly relied upon in the conversion of souls, but too little esteemed in the taking up of collections. Is it not possible that the church is relying too much upon stirring appeals and fresh information? By all means make the appeals stirring, scatter fresh facts and figures, but do not forget that "power belongeth unto God." Why should we not pray that God will bless those who make a good use of their money, and entrust them with more; that he will influence those who are about making their wills, and persuade them to remember their "elder brother" in their bequests? Christians frequently unite in prayer for the conversion of individuals; why not also select men of means and pray that God will bestow upon them the grace of liberality? Are there not some undeveloped resources in that direction?

Years ago the church began to pray that God would open the doors of the heathen world to the gospel. The prayer was answered. Then the cry was, "Lord, send forth laborers into the harvest," and thousands of youths have responded to that prayer. The urgent need of the present hour is money. Could not this want also be met by the power of united prayer?

I know of a country lad twenty-three years of age who was working on a farm for twenty dollars a month. He had received little education, and had no rich friends, and yet inside of two years he was supporting six native preachers in the foreign field, and had persuaded forty-four other people to support a substitute, making fifty preachers of the Gospel that he was instrumental in putting into the foreign field inside of two years.

Oh, for ten thousand consecrated souls who will make this a theme of daily and special prayer, that God will cause the grace of liberality to abound among his people! Will you be one? And will you show your sincerity by giving as you pray?

Armed With the Right.
A man's enemies have no power to harm him if he is true to himself and loyal to God.—J. B. Gough.



1—Class of women working on valves in the air-brake room of the school maintained by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, now entirely devoted to women. 2—Aerial photograph of a British hospital in France shortly after it had been deliberately bombed by German aviators. 3—The prince of Wales and the king of Italy, to whose daughter, Princess Yolanda, the young man is said to be engaged.

THEY WILL NOT BE DOING THIS MUCH LONGER



This scene on the deck of an Atlantic liner shows the passengers, all wearing their life belts, a habit that will be discontinued now.

CONVALESCENT YANKS IN ENGLAND



A number of Americans are shown here having the proverbial English tea at a hospital in England. These men were in the trenches a week previous to the taking of this picture.

BURIAL OF THE OTRANTO VICTIMS



The impressive burial service, that took place in Scotland, near the scene of the disaster, of the men who perished in the collision of the British transport Keshmire and the American troop ship Otranto between Scotland and Ireland in the North channel.

EDITH CAVELL MEMORIAL



This memorial statue has been erected to the memory of Edith Cavell, who lived a patriot and died a martyr. The memorial was unveiled by Queen Alexandra at Norwich, where her majesty opened a home for the district nurses. This home was named the Nurse Cavell Memorial home.

Hot Air.

It was somewhere in France, at a base commandant's, where casualty reports came from the line. A war-weary Tommy, coming down for a "breather," was accosted with the remark:

"How's everything looking up there?"

"Nothing to worry about," replied the warrior. And then, as if he had suddenly remembered it: "Heard about the new gas Fritz is sending over now?" he asked.

"No. Is it very bad?"

"Rather!" assented the warrior. "So bad that it gets through your pay-book and kills your next-of-kin."

Cut Out for the Job.

"I wanted to enlist and fight for me country," said Tired Trotters to the sharp-eyed woman at the door. "But I'm chicken-hearted and de recruitin' officer turned me down. Have youse got any light work dat a pore, afflicted man—"

"Yes, indeed," replied the farmer's wife. "One of my sitting hens has just abandoned her nestful of eggs."

"BABY DOLL"

By PERCIVAL MARSH.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

When Horace Barr announced to his three spinster sisters that he had at last accumulated ten thousand dollars and that it was safe in bank, the gloating complacency filled their souls that they would never have to starve. He had gone into buying grain from nearby farmers and had made money fast, storing his purchases and shipping to the city always on a rising market.

When one day he entered the house and slapped down on the table a package of legal looking documents, with gloating unctious remarking, "There are the title deeds to house and lot, free and clear," all hands smiled with delight, for they knew that a permanent roof was assured.

"Going to the city to buy an automobile," he announced somewhat later. "We're going to take all the good out of life we can get." About a week later there came a telegram to Hortense, the elder sister. It read: "Home Tuesday afternoon by new auto. Also a wife," and the flutter this information caused kept the three astounded and suspenseful sisters on tantalizing hooks through forty-eight hours.

They were kindly of heart, though having narrow notions in some respects. Horace had been a good brother and they hoped he had made a suitable choice of a helpmeet.

She came and the sisters stared. They had never seen greater beauty. Piquant, petite, ever smiling, it could not be in the heart of any one in the world to resist her. She dazzled them with her pretty ways. As the three sisters were alone Hortense said with a sigh: "She loves Horace, that is sure. She gets her new home as a palace. She has no relatives, Horace says, so there will be no divided nor interfering interests. Only five words express it."

"Speak them, Hortense," urged Muriel.

"She is a baby doll," and that settled conviction seemed unanimous.

"One thing," spoke Rose, a week later, "Netta is no gadder. She loves his home."

"Yes," echoed Muriel, "and her devotion to Horace is almost pathetic." "And did you ever see such fancy work as she is capable of doing?" supplemented Hortense, and, when the latter complimented Netta on this feature the next day, the latter said modestly:

"I ought to know something in that line, for I spent three years as an apprentice. You see, artificial flower making is my trade."

"Trade?" mildly Hortense echoed the jarring word.

"Well, it is scarcely a profession, is it?" smiled Netta sweetly. "You see, when your brother first met me I had become forewoman in a millinery supply house. They say I had become an expert, so if ever dear Horace has business reverses we have something to fall back upon."

The reverses came. A shrewd, none too scrupulous grain buyer appeared as a rival in the field and Horace began to lose trade. He made some unlucky purchases. In six months his surplus at the bank was gone. A little later he had to mortgage the home and sell the automobile. Then he had a serious breakdown.

"Sisters," said Netta one day, "the time has come for us to show our mettle. I want you, Hortense, to go to the city tomorrow to help me buy some stock. I am going to start into the artificial flower business in a modest way. I know the line. I know the trade, and I know further that inside of a week you three can become experts with all your quick ideas and industry and niftiness."

So Netta took Hortense with her to the city and spent a week studying the market. She had some money of her own and she invested it unhesitatingly. She purchased ribbons and sheets of silk, and satin and other fabrics used in making pretty floral counterfeits. She bought dies, and wire and tools. By the end of two weeks the big parlors were transformed into busy work rooms. System and order prevailed. A thorough business woman Netta had an immediate outlet for her wares. Horace, recuperating, nursed over his uselessness.

"Ready to work?" questioned Netta brightly. "Very well. First, you shall help pack and ship. Then you shall keep the books. Then, dear, as soon as we are well started, instead of selling to the jobbers you shall be our traveling salesman. We will work up direct clients of our own and make a double profit. Why, the business will be ideal."

"How cozy it has been, and how nice," said Hortense one day, a year later. The mortgage had been paid off and they had a new automobile and money in bank. The business had grown so that work rooms downtown were necessary and Horace was slowly, safely feeling his way back into his old business.

"Horace," said Hortense to her brother one day, "I did Netta a grievous wrong when she first came among us."

"Nobody has discovered it so far," declared Horace good-naturedly.

"I called her a baby doll."

"Meaning pretty daintiness? Why not? Sweet name, isn't it? Why, she would feel flattered if you told her about it. Don't let that grievous sin rest on your memory, sister mine. She went to sleep in my arms last night crying for the joy at having found all in life worth living for."

HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA

By DR. L. W. BOWERS.

Avoid crowds, coughs and crows, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armour against disease. To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. If there is a sudden onset of what appears like a hard cold, one should go to bed, wrap warm, take a hot mustard foot-bath and drink copiously of hot lemonade. If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Anuric (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs. To control the pains and aches take one Anuric tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade. The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed. In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Ironie (Iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

Familiar.

The hoary-headed examiner glanced over the top of his spectacles.

"Are you sure," he inquired, "that this is a purely original composition you have handed in?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer. "But you may possibly, sir, have come across one or two of the words in the dictionary."

Influenza Is Spreading

Notice to Retail Druggist.

While the demand for Vapomenth Salve has been enormous, we have a large stock of raw materials on hand and can supply any reasonable demand promptly.

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If you will advise your customers to use a little Brame's Vapomenth Salve up each nostril night and morning, we believe it will prevent influenza as well as Colds and LaGrippe, as it is a strong prophylactic and germicide and will open up the head and air passages. BRAME MEDICINE COMPANY, North Wilkesboro, N. C.—Adv.

Prosperity.

"Jiblay's fortunes seem to be on the mend."

"So they are. If Mrs. Jiblay holds her job at a munition plant another month I wouldn't be at all surprised to see Jiblay take on a tailor."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

His Training.

"My son was a great one to 'dig' at college." "Then he ought to make good in the trenches."

The poet is born—unless he writes a magazine poem that nobody can understand; then he is made.

One of the things a man can learn by keeping his cars open is the folly of talking too much.

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